

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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## LITERATURE.

## THE MODERN TELEMACUS.

VII.

## MUSEUS COMPARES THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE CREATION.

AMONG the various pictures of sylvan life and scenery to which Musæus drew my attention, none were more fertile in awakening that species of enthusiasm in which he was wont to indulge, than those presented to us by the beechen forests of Pennsylvania. Their sombre and quiet solitudes became a much-cherished resort, for we found nature here rich in her promptings.

"Many of the natural wonders of the land," observed he, "have been augmented in the eyes of the worshipper, by the far-spread fame that has been given to them, thus adding to the mere sensuous power inherent in them all the interest with which history and description invest any natural scene. But when we plunge into these intricate ravines where the rhododendron and the huge forms of fallen hemlock trunks, half decayed and overgrown with moss, obstruct our passage, we are surrounded with all the influences of primitive nature; no hand having as yet removed these tenants of the wild, no human destroyer having intruded in among the resorts of the deer and panther with any other purposes than those of the chase."

"Here lie the remains of a hemlock that has nearly completed its history, after having been nursed into its full magnificence by the alternate seasons of three centuries, and then fallen into that same imbecility which visits all the animal and vegetable creation, after the full development of the embryo forces and the carrying out of the designs which God placed there. Here we are struck with the soul-inspiring beauty of a woodland opening, the light of morning unable to pierce through the surrounding dense mass of woods, but thrown down from above and forming a forest chamber of a unique character and striking the senses of the observer. The native hemlock of this region attains a gigantic size, and where huge trunks of trees felled by the axe are exposed to view, we can trace several hundred circles, showing the record of centuries in their growth."

"The influence of venerable time is as sensibly felt beneath their shade as we are known to experience in rambling through some ancient cathedral, with this exception, that in the latter, the past speaks through the annals of human action, while in the former, the mind and expressions of nature alone tell us of that which has gone by. In these primitive parks we are struck with the beauty of woodlands, showing the only true type on which all artificial designs must be founded, in the construction of ornamental grounds, and that the aged and massive tree is the most complete and striking ornament that art can borrow from nature, to embellish all her structural designs. To these solitary scenes contemplation has seldom been led, hence when we repair hither to gaze on them, we have to draw our thoughts out of our original resources, and not give reiteration to the reflections of others on objects that impress the mind. This I regard as the purely sensuous influence that nature, in her virginal form, must always impart. These beechen forests are unfrequented resorts; they have

not become trite by description, poetry, or the accumulation of false taste and aesthetic judgment showered upon them; they are to be cherished for this exclusive tendency, and let us draw from the rich resources they furnish some of the materials of our philosophy."

Among the earliest and most frequently chosen spots for sylvan contemplation and enjoyment was a glen, refreshed by the waters of a beautiful cascade, which formed the outlet of a solitary lake in the vicinity, and, winding their way through numerous defiles and mountain gorges, discharged themselves into a larger stream to which they were tributary. The hemlocks upon that spot seemed to have enjoyed a most genial soil, and were standing firmly grasping the earth that bore them, rearing their pinnacles to a stupendous height, and so dense in their foliage as to allow only occasional rays of sunlight to pierce through them and enliven the grassy and mossy surface of the ground. Huge forms of beech and maple were also the occupants of these forest shades, and although their career, as a part of nature's history, was more brief than that of the hemlock and other evergreens, yet their size was equally massive and their foliage as overshadowing. The deer was a frequent visitor amid these haunts, and was often found near the stream in question, sporting in its waters or bounding lightly past us in his forest enjoyments. The voices of birds were more rare, owing probably to the dark masses of boughs and foliage into which they could not easily dive from the upper regions of the air, and the absence of the oak and chestnut and other trees of medium growth, on which to perch; yet when their carols were heard to sound through the twilight passages of these woods, they gave the most perfect embellishment to the profound solitude of this pristine forest. The humblest object that here meets the vision, or slightest sound falling upon the ear, becomes an important part of the composition of the mind, in that state of action to which it has been wrought up by nature. Musæus having directed my attention to these sensuous qualities of natural scenery, where the outward objects of any inspiring locality have not yet been profaned, and the purity of inanimate life never come into contact with the human mind, either through history, tradition or fiction, I could relish in all its force the same sensuous influence of the beech-wood scenery, and no pictures of the natural world are recalled to the memory with more fondness. In our resorts to these glens, the scenes before us were held up to me in illustration of the views expressed by my mentor in our Lake George colloquy, and particularly as a means of contrast to that part of the subject which referred to the intellectual and historical impressions drawn from noted pictures of nature. In our beechen glen, the mind was shown as dependent upon its own resources, whereas in scenes of notoriety, mind had already acted upon them by description, and the events of past time had interfered and been incorporated with them, and they thus constituted a page of recorded thought, viewed subjectively, in which nature and art became mutually developed. In studying these, the mind of the observer has not to rely upon its own powers, nor can he enjoy his own meditations in their original vigor and purity.

At first, this two-fold aspect of the natural

world appeared to me involved in all the vagueness of philosophical fancy; but after repeated communings on this and kindred topics, Musæus led me into a comprehension of his theory, and into what, to the uninitiated, might seem a supra-refinement of outward observation and thought.

In the view of the purely sensuous influence now held out to me, and so deeply appreciated in these glens and shady recesses, illuminated by frequent glimpses of sunlight, I was enabled to see clearly into the higher attributes of historical scenery for the purposes of art, such as were claimed for European impressions in contrast with those of our own country. In the former the portraiture of nature forms a medium for the presentation of past tradition to the mind, and comes up before us in a two-fold character, embracing all the beauties of the natural creation together with the mind and events of the past piercing through them. In our own primitive scenes there exists no such two-fold character, where nature, or its representation on canvass, must draw on the original powers of thought for admiration, unaided by the adventitious circumstances of history.

It was under this view of the subject, that Musæus regarded unfrequented and romantic localities in the same light as he would an untouched subject, each variation of nature's creations bringing forth some new impressions and producing some new shades in the hues of imagination.

"The attractiveness of forest life is not for the Muse alone," said Musæus, "since the hunter by profession, of an uncultivated intellect, and the sportsman of educational refinement pursue the wild animals with a similar nameless feeling of delight, roaming at large among these umbrageous and rocky passes, with the ostensible object of pursuing game. The influence of nature attracts them, and while they addict themselves to the chase, they feel a resistless outward impulse, which, originating in animal enjoyment, reflects upon the inner sense, and rouses emotions akin to the poetical."

"In pictures of the chase, do not the forms of animal life come up before us and stand in juxtaposition to those of nature?"

"So much so, that no sylvan scene would seem complete without those forms. We look for them and await their appearance in all our musings and contemplations, and we must regard them as members of that companionship which seems inherent in solitude. The devoted ornithologist centres all his admiration in the forms of the feathered races, and to him the highest type of beauty the natural world presents lies there."

"His studies, like those of the entomologist or botanist, lead him into the analysis of form, and the object of pursuit is constantly in the direction of some new variety of species, or some new physiological structure, illustrative of the great unfolding law of nature's realm, that seeks to avoid repetition in all her plans, and is constantly developing an endless variety of creative thought. To us, however, who are not employed in considering the mere structure of form, the warbling of birds constitutes the sign of recognition, and we know one favorite from the other, more by his melody than by his shape and plumage; we have but to hear his voice, without seeing him in his airy flight, to recognize him, and the vocal language of the volatile creation becomes an essential part

of the exhibition which woods and sky present to the mind.

"The animate world, indeed, from the humblest insect upwards, is but a continuation of nature's history, and although we cannot be present or allowed the opportunity of witnessing the silent but wonderful process of vegetable rising into animal life, yet this upward progress is ever in active operation. Amid these primitive scenes the stag and hind form the finest objects of animal beauty, and as we see them coursing before us, or stealing through some neighboring thicket, we feel the enchantment of woodland scenery greatly enhanced. In the larger species of animals the habits of life, regulated by the higher order of instinct approaching to mind, bring them in close proximity to our special sympathies.

"Their elegance of form strikes us similarly to the aspect of beauty in our own species, and they present lines of proportion and symmetry strongly resembling in elementary physical conditions those in man. In our entomological studies we depart from the higher consideration of symmetry of form into those wonderful arrangements of mechanism and blind design, where the mind becomes lost in amazement and perplexity, blended with a thousand suggestions as to the primary laws that regulate the movements of instinct in the animal world."

"It would appear as if every vegetable form had some representation in the lower animal kingdom, as if every plant stood in connexion with a corresponding member of the animate creation, giving life and sustenance to the latter, although each enjoys an independent existence. When we observe certain plants visited by insects whose organic structure is nourished by them, does not the inquiry occur whether they originally sprung out of them; and thus constitute an advancement of creative thought from the vegetable to the animal principle?"

"The nearest approach the human mind can obtain to those crypta of all creative thought and design, is by tracing the connexion existing between these two grand divisions of nature, the animal and vegetable world.

"The geological and recorded history of creation teaches us that plants preceded animals, and the same analogy which traces the origin of vegetable matter down to the primitive rock and that down to the condensation of vaporous fluid, shows a similar derivation of all animal from preceding vegetable forms. One inference to be drawn from this obvious sympathy between certain plants, trees, and the insects that cling to them, is, that the history of their being and creation was coeval, or belonging to the same epoch of tellurian time, although their appearance could not have been contemporaneous, as the atmosphere which nourished the vegetable was obnoxious to the animal, which stands in relation to it. A similar chemico-atmospherical law is noticeable at the present time, where the plant, brought into life by the opening season is known not to be visited by its fraternizing insect until a later period of the year has duly prepared its atmospheric gases for the existence of the insect. At this period when all forms of life have their typical existence around us, either visible or invisible, it still requires the preparatory process of the seasons and elements to rouse them out of their embryotic state; but this very fact proves that in the remote ages this

elementary constituent must have acted analogously, and that the atmospheric element having produced the crude forms, these advanced into those of a higher animal nature with atmospheric rarefaction. Yet the mode of rising into life remains among the conjectures of the past, and is as strongly enigmatical as the question how the embryotic rudiments received their earliest fashion.

"The foreshadowing of an organic animal creation in bringing vegetable forms into being is clearly demonstrated in the sexual principle, or the capacity of perpetuating the same forms of being that come into existence with every new geological revolution of our planet. This is perhaps one of the most cogent suggestions why the primeval appearances of organic animal life were typified in the vegetable, and subsequently received from it the material constituents of their organism and a similar principle of reproduction.

"Your proposition as to the correspondence of animal and vegetable forms of all cotemporary epochs is plausible, and I would improve upon it, by supposing that the whole visible inorganic creation was the product of a revolutionary epoch, that the existing organic creation sprung out of it and received a construction which displays a universal harmony between the present vegetable and animal worlds, a harmony with which your term of representation does not appear to conflict. Another fact, confirmative of your proposition, is shown in the numerical variety of plants and animals, the one class of creation, as far as our investigations can reach, being supposed to be equal in number to the other. But, again, no philosophy has devised the plan or mode whereby the Creator called the animal into being. Yet the most pregnant suggestions are presented to us in witnessing the animacule emerging from the hidden recesses of the fruit, or starting into life from out of its vegetable material, and making its appearance without our being able to divine whence its embryo was derived.

"From the affinity of design, also, in the two organic divisions of created being, we learn to trace the retrospect of animate forms down to their first starting-point, and to behold in plants their whole economy, sympathies, life and death, and, above all, sexual distinctions, a prefiguration of a new world of organic life, which succeeded to the possession of the gardens of the earth, when the reign of chaos was over, and the volcanic gases had resolved themselves into a genial atmosphere."

While Museus pursued his remarks, falling imperceptibly, as was his wont at all times, into the intricate questions of the philosophy of nature, and applying it here to the subject of animal life, in connection with arborescent forms, I became alive to the multitude and endless variety of sounds and objects, which, in their mingled character, threw the soul into drowsy contemplation here amid these shades. It is rarely the mind is able to separate each single impression from the other, no more so than it could separate each single ray of light which, in its trembling vibration, conveys to us the colors of the objects that delight our visual sense. Yet the more musingly we enjoy such contemplations amid these solitary retreats, the more sensible are we made to each individual impression which nature dispenses.

Both philosophy and imagination become

the handmaids of solitude—the former analyzing the particles of matter, as well as the aggregate forms that meet the eye; the latter, investing all outward nature with the lustre of that derivative light which comes forth from the profundity of the mind, where her impressions have already created a passion for her designs. In this way Museus was accustomed to alternate between the kindred sciences of natural history on the one hand, and poetry, and those detailed descriptions of mountain scenery, whose combinations are so essential to imaginative fiction, on the other.

Strolling through our favorite beechen glens, we had every opportunity of indulging in the mingled conjectures of science and fancy. The depths of geological rents in the gray sandstone rocks, and the fantastic forms created among them by preceding convulsions of the lower strata, were constantly startling us; while the vestment of emerald mosses and lichens, upon which sun never shone, conducted the mind from the province of science into that of imagination.

He represented to me that by wedding the two themes, all the productions of the pen receive the highest intellectual cast, and that the combination has given rise to works of art, and been incorporated with works of imaginative fiction, upon which some of the best minds have been employed.

"How inane are the mere descriptions of men and events, without tracing interiorly the deeper causes of action and the progress of life beneath the outer manifestation! how barren the mere technical enumeration of the minutiae of nature's outward vestiture, without the mind of past history mingling with that of the present, and the soul's impressions with all external delineations!"

"Yet has not all prose writing this tendency, and when applied to analytic description, does it not occupy the same ground of representation as painting?"

"Those who have applied the highest graphic powers to the themes of representation, have succeeded in impressing the mind intellectually, without those physical results that flow from the best pictorial works. The imagination of the painter and our own blend together; his soul unites with our own; but in all graphic description, our intellect must first be taxed to nourish the imagination and lure the feelings.

"In the transactions of life and the records of human events, nothing can supersede the powers of the pen, for it even supplies the drama with its operative materials; but in the presentation of outward nature, no pen has succeeded as fully to arouse the spectator's inner emotions, as the pencil of the artist."

The close of day was coming on space, the vistas through the huge hemlocks and maples began to assume an obscurity resembling the dimness of feebly-lighted cathedral aisles. The strongly-perfumed air in which we breathed the peculiar and invigorating aroma of the hemlock and resinous leaf, was refreshing to the senses. The falls, in proximity to which we spent most of the day, sounded more clearly as the evening seemed to augment the general quiet of the spot, and the sounds of those cold waters that are the nourishing element of the trout and the fountain for the deer, were sent back by high ledges of rocks that rose up around us with their grey and rugged surface, as we bent our way, meditatively,

through the tortuous windings of the dell. Musæus dwelt rhapsodically upon the retiring sounds of the cascade, and remarked that even after they had ceased to vibrate upon the ear, they were still listened to by the imagination. In this mode, all nature affected the soul after the outer sense had ceased to be acted upon; the vibrations were re-echoed therein, and prolonged those extatic emotions which succeeded all outward impressions.

Our whole nervous organization being so exquisitely adapted to the reception of color and sound, seemed to be kept alive by vibratory powers corresponding with similar forces of the natural elements of light and air.

To this we must ascribe that faculty of retention which constitutes the mind of profound thought, and, in all its reveries of imaginative and philosophical contemplation, enables it to dwell within itself, and feast upon the intellectual banquet supplied by its own resources.

The beechen forest formed another fragmentary study in the department of natural scenery; and, in selecting this ground, Musæus aimed at showing the necessity of all objective representation in connexion with the logical education of the mind. Landscape and sylvan impressions form a distinct world of thought, and into this he endeavored to lead me, as it formed so conspicuous a portion of mental enjoyment.

#### GERIA.\*

A BOOK of wayside reflection and aphorism on the affairs of action and meditation in the world, from one who has been no idle or indifferent observer in either. Mr. Simms has, by his achievements in history, poetry, fiction, criticism—as an orator, journalist, playwright—attained a position among the honored names of his country, which owes as little to extrinsic or accidental circumstances as that of any literary or general reputation in the country. Self-reliance, industry, literature as a study, have been his means of elevation in the development of a generous nature. These are the proved qualities which give value to a book of thoughts like that before us. A maxim *per se* may be of considerable value; it is of far greater when we read it as the index and secret of a noble life.

"Egeria" is a book of paragraphs, touching the whole round of American life, where the citizen, the politician, the friend, the father, may find something of advice or encouragement; where the man may be cheered or guided in his passions, affections, sentiments.

The spirit in which the title is assumed is indicated by the opening sentence:—

#### GERIA.

"Egeria is the Muse of Counsel. She is described as the mysterious nymph who met Numa Pompilius, and taught him how to govern. She met him always in Solitude, and Solitude is the nurse of Thought. She met him in the groves, which are places favorable to meditation. She met him at twilight, when a certain calm usually overspreads the soul—the passions being in repose—and when the mind consciously hovers, as it were, between the two worlds of Time and Eternity, in some degree partaking of both. Egeria is a beautiful fancy of the old tradition. Thought and

Study are beguiled to the solitude, where Wisdom puts on the aspect of Love, for the better persuasion of the pupil. Through such influences we might naturally expect that Counsel should be at once grateful and easy of attainment. We should each of us seek for an Egeria; for Numa, though a prince, was thus honored only because of his attributes as a man!"

Though the design is apparently rather to convey the truth or sentiment than to affect point or epigram, we have not infrequently a bold illustration, like the one we have marked in the following:—

#### CONSERVATISM.

"With the weak and vulgar mind, Conservatism implies nothing more than to keep things as they are, no matter how wanting in propriety and susceptible of improvement; a condition agreeable only to the timid, and to those in power. But this sort of conservatism is, in fact, destructiveness, and has been probably the true but secret cause of the overthrow of societies and commonwealths. The true law of the race is progress and development. Whenever civilization pauses in the march of conquest, it is overthrown by the barbarian. The people that cease to advance, in the notion that their mission is ended, and their development complete, from that moment begin to decline, and must go rapidly to decay. The conservatism which hopes to retard a legitimate progress will inevitably be crushed in its march. All such efforts may be likened to that of the feeble old man who attempts to arrest the speed of the locomotive by thrusting his gold-headed crutch between its wheels. True conservatism is rather the bold spirit which leads into the ear of progress, and, seizing upon the reins, directs its movements with a firm hand, and an eye that sees the proper goal for which the race should aim."

There is an overlooked truth in this item of

#### WEALTH.

"Our possessions are wholly in our performances. He owns nothing to whom the world owes nothing."

And a simple resolution of a mystified theme in this:—

#### CHANCE.

"There is, no doubt, such a thing as chance, but I see no reason why Providence should not make use of it."

A life-secret for politicians in a sentence:—

#### DECAYED POLITICIANS.

"The shrewdest politician is he who never asserts his popularity, nor uses it at any time, to its fullest extent. The small politician is never satisfied but when his bow is bent. How slowly does he arrive at the knowledge, which all others possess, of the decline of that strength which could bend it so readily before! What desperation seizes upon his heart, when he finds that nobody now runs to see where his arrow strikes!"

Truths for most people in reflections such as these:—

#### HABITS.

"Inculcate good habits in your children, and good principles, which are but names for good habits, will follow of themselves. Training, and not teaching, is the word for children. You are to train them in habits which no future lessons can unteach."

#### LABOR.

"It is a world of commentary upon the laws of labor, that it is morally impossible to

employ the body within its strength, and in a way suited to its capacities, without, at the same time, elevating the intellect. Properly administered, the law of labor is not merely a law of life, but a law of progress."

#### MOTIVE AND PRETEXT.

"Noble spirits rejoice in the consciousness of a motive—base ones delight only in a pretext."

#### TEMPERANCE.

"The temperate are the most truly luxuriant. By abstaining from most things, it is surprising how many things we enjoy."

#### AMBITION.

"He who would acquire fame, must not show himself afraid of censure. The dread of censure is the death of genius. He who falters, in apprehension of the opinion of his neighbor, has already put himself in the harness of a master; and the genius which commands the keys of the future is always an outlawry. To put one's wings into the keeping of another who has no wings, is certainly to have them clipped close to the shoulders. How should he approve of journeys by air, with the eagle, who has always pursued his own way along the earth with the snail? That audacity, which is one of the essentials of genius, has always laughed at what the conventional would describe as decorum. Genius is Discovery! How should it submit the training of its eyes to those by whom no discoveries have yet been made!"

#### CLOISTER LIFE OF CHARLES V.\*

THERE are some events in history widely and generally known, which, at the same time, have influenced but in a slight degree the history of nations. Among these is the episode to which this book is devoted. It has already received the illustration of literature, and owes much of its fame to such illustration. As the pencils of Rembrandt and Vandyke have not only perpetuated the features and memory of obscure men, but have given them their sole claim to any recollection, the frail canvas proving stronger, not only than the life, but also than the reputation, which should have survived its brief threescore years and ten; so has the pen of Robertson, by his graphic description of the monarch's abdication, hung, as it were, in the foremost place in the historic gallery, and impressed its facts on the memory of every schoolboy. Mr. Stirling does not enter into competition with this description. He takes up the hero after he has laid aside his trappings; but in showing us majesty deprived of its externals, falsifies, in this instance, the well-known title given by the wit, "a jest."

In investigating this interesting passage of history, Mr. Stirling brings to it a patient investigation, as well as a most animated and agreeable style. He not only adds new but enlivens old facts; and like a skilful restorer of an old Spanish picture, smoked by centuries of votive offerings of wax and tallow candles, brings back to this piece of pictorial reality, in place of sombre lines and shadows, the bright glow of sunny tints.

Charles's retirement had little of the ascetic about it. His monastery was situated in a pleasant valley, his apartments were cozy and comfortable, retired from the main establishment, and yet so contiguous that his bedroom had a window, close to his couch, which opened upon and commanded

\* *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.* By Wm. Stirling.

a full view of the church choir, so that he could "assist" at matins without the attendant discomforts of early rising. Far from becoming emaciated by fasting, the royal stomach gave constant trouble to the worthy physician who accompanied the ex-king, so constant was the cramming it received of orthodox food and faculty-forbidden dainties. Charles's retirement was, in fact, more like that of a comfortable citizen who retires to the country to enjoy his "plum," than the strict pattern of Egyptian monasticism it is usually represented.

Far, however, will this new view of this celebrated recluse be from lessening the respect entertained for his memory. The near approach brings not alone failings to view; it also shows more bright, excelling virtues. We see the hero at home, and his home is often the true place in which to see a great man.

Mr. Stirling is, we believe, a gentleman of fortune, judging from the evidence of his first book, the "Annals of the Artists of Spain," in three volumes, octavo, which, both from its subject, its splendid illustrations on steel and wood, its beautiful typography, and the high price, three guineas, at which it was issued, was evidently one in which the author not only looked for no profit himself, but has secured his publisher against well-grounded fears of a loss of capital. If it did not, however, profit the author, it did the reader, for it is incomparably the best and fullest book on its peculiar department, and entitled to the very first rank in the literature of art. The present work appears in a form and with a subject appealing from the "audience fit though few" to "the general." The announcement on the title page of the reprint, "from the second London edition," shows that the larger circle are responding to his call.

#### MR. MATHEWS'S SKETCHES OF NEW YORK.\*

A NEAT pocket volume, by Cornelius Mathews, on his favorite topics of city life, which might, in the usual way, expand into an octavo under the skilful hands of the book-makers. But Mr. Mathews is no book-maker for book-making sake; and for this, great honor should be done him in this fearful time of the mediocrities who oppress us on all hands with their thick-coming volumes. "A Pen and Ink Panorama of New York City" is not a companion to Trow's Directory, or anything of the kind, but a collection of papers in which fancy predominates over fact, and the topics of which have been suggested by individual likings and such trains of experience as naturally find their record in an essay. These sketches of New York life are quaint and peculiar, at one time marked by a fine vein of sentiment, feeling inwrought with the study of character, as in the sketches of Little Trappan (of Society Library memory), the old schoolmistress, Mrs. Always, or the Seamstress; again, by a subtle irony, as in that little paper on Mr. Maece and his "Tickets for Greenwood," where the humor is inspired with so healthy a moral that it does not jar with the sublimities of the topic; and pleasant and cheerful everywhere, in Broadway or the Bowery, on the declivities of Chatham street, or perched aloft on the Latting Observatory.

One of these last-mentioned sketches shall supply us with an extract—a picture of a

street, which, compared with its neighbor, Broadway, is as strange and novel as if it were located at Ispahan:—

#### CHATHAM STREET.

We have known Chatham street since our boyhood. It is a necessary part of the education of a New Yorker. Not to have studied humanity in that great highway, is to have read "Othello," omitting the third act—to have eaten ice-cream, neglecting the last dainty dropping in the glass—to have partaken of strawberries, leaving the largest and ripest in the dish—in fact, an extremely absurd and foolish thing. To consider Chatham street rightly, we may take it either by the handle or the bowl, for it lies like a spoon, with its bulge at the square, declining gently till it comes to an end at Tammany Hall. To begin at the small end, it must be confessed that this renowned thoroughfare has a rather shabby and deserted look in that quarter, having but one side to it, and being confronted in its poverty by the stately public buildings, the City Hall, Hall of Records, &c., although it even then stickles for its rights, and puts forth its three balls, under Mr. Simpson's patronage, inviting small parcels, umbrellas, family jewels, and other nick-nacks, thither in pledge! We could tell a story, just here, that would bring tears to your eyes—of a little child, whose sole wish from infancy was to see his grandfather (poor grandfather was dead—he had been a noted beau in his time), and who was instructed to seek him at Mr. Simpson's, whither resorting, he had shown him the cane, the cocked hat, the breeches, ruffles, and other appendages of his venerable progenitor—which had been duly spouted in his life-time; but, no matter, the story's rather long, and as it has been told more than once before, you had, perhaps, better be spared. Not far from this, just past the Fork, is a spot memorable for its connection with the late Mexican war. The number of times that small boy in regiments has beaten that drum, and the number of stories that gentleman in the belt and sergeant's hat has told to innocent-looking young men from up-town, would be hard to calculate. We suppose there has been about as many of the one as of the other. And that they might come down to the rendezvous duly sharpened to warlike thoughts, some special providence has planted, just above it, a long range—the longest in the metropolis—of gunshops, their windows filled with all sorts of murderous instruments, bristling with dirks, rampant with cocked pistols, and clamorous with great open-mouthed muskets.

If you were asked through what street in New York, in a given time, the greatest number of dirty shirts passed, we think the chances are ten to one you would name Chatham; and yet, strangely enough, this very street has been selected as the stronghold and entrenchment of the linen drapers. With their great transparent windows, equipped with endless relays of new shirts, staring forth with fresh pearl buttons, they are a perpetual reproach to travellers in that street, and seem to be saying to them constantly, "Go home, my poor fellow, and put on a clean shirt!" where, perhaps, there is no shirt to be had to put on. But Chatham street rallies characteristically on the other side of the way: for it is there that Old Clo' has pitched his paradise; it is there, that to be shorn of their buttons, to have a small rent in the back, to be out of color, is no objection in a coat or other garment, not the least; but rather commends it, connecting it by secret association with the antiquity and long-descended history of their own race. You have, perhaps, not been a student of the Chatham street Jew? You have done yourself a great injustice. In our earliest recollections of him, he lived in patriarchal simplicity, in a

small burrow at the back of his shop, from which he was contented to observe the world of traffic through a glazed window, running forth into the shop from time to time, as the calls of trade required him. Presently, as he grows more corrupt in the midst of an advancing civilization, he takes up his station in the shop. Even here he would not be at rest, but shortly seized his stool and sallied forth at the shop door and planted himself firmly on the stoop. These movements were simultaneous through the whole range, so that you, at the self-same instant, heard the clatter of the advancing stools from every shop in the street. Now many pleasant dialogues ensued between the young gentlemen of Jewry, of a right witty and trenchant character, and many friendly appeals were addressed to gentlemen from the country, in which their attention was solicited to a "first-rate coat," or "them pants," or "noting of this sort, neighbor!" This pleasant game was, by times, carried so far that these Jewry-men did take to marching, even like the men of Gilgal before Jericho, up and down the walk, and seizing by violence the men from the far countries, hauled them, with force, within their fastnesses, and there impressed them, whether they would or no, in garments of the strangest make, dimensions, and fitnesses. This street, reader, was in the old times of this Island a war-path of Manhattan Indians to the West; civilization hath not affected it greatly. The old red men scalped their enemies, the Chatham Clo' men skin theirs. So little difference have two hundred years in changing the character of mankind!

Leaving the clean linen and faded clothes shops to stare each other out of countenance as long as they choose, let us go up the street a little way. There seems to be a wonderful activity in this street, a perpetual movement of mighty streams of people, and it would be curious, if we could, to ascertain the springs, or spring, which set them a-going. All through this thoroughfare, to whatever part we proceed, we discover in great baskets, festooned on strings, piled in tin measures, and spread out on great boards, endless supplies of a little bulbous vegetable, which men, women and boys are busy dealing out to passers by, who, partaking thereof, go on their way rejoicing. The pea-nut is the motive power of Chatham street, and all Chatham street has of culture, literature, the drama, springs from the pea-nut. Without the pea-nut Chanfrau had never been, the great Mose were non-existent; without the pea-nut, trade would decline, and civilization become extinct in that portion of the metropolis. It is the bread-plant of these east-siders, their manna in the wilderness. Watch them closely; if any great blight has come over their spirits; if there has not been enough fires or too little water; if the Chatham Theatre is shut, or Mr. Chanfrau has gone to Boston, or any other circumstance has happened to affect their lightness of heart—note their conduct! They will keep from the pea-nut with a sort of holy and self-imposed abstinence for many days, and only by degrees, as matters mend with them (a great fire is the speediest relief), take to them again. Such is man in all ages of the world!

But listen! We are nearing one of the Prairies, with all the bull buffaloes of the west assembled in one place, all roaring at once! Or, is it a second Niagara burst from the earth, clamoring with the voice of fifty thousand demons? Let us climb the hill and learn for ourselves—and now we get for the first time a view of the renowned Chatham Square, at the height of its glory, for it is auction-day, and with the red flags flying, and furniture and utensils of every name and kind strewn on every side, it has the look of a lively field of battle, where the contest is well sustained on

\* A Pen and Ink Panorama of New York City, by Cornelius Mathews. John S. Taylor.

every hand. But even these almighty lungs at last give out; carts and barrows rush in; the square is cleared; the sun declines, and with long streams of bright tin kettles, making for the Bowery, Division street, and the thoroughfares on the East side, the day draws to a close. A comparative silence broods over the square, broken by a sailor getting up from the East side by way of Oliver street, and making for a harbor somewhere in the keys and recesses of Doyer and Pell streets; a stray fisherman comes out of Catherine street, and, with his rickety wagon and long trumpet, steers for the Points, through Mott street, breaking the silence with a doleful cry. "Oysters!—any good—O-y-s-t-e-r-s!" Midnight strikes from the clock at the Fork, and—we all go to bed.

## SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S SKETCHES.\*

The memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington have been for an entire generation a pleasing recollection, in the absence of any edition to satisfy the desire to renew an acquaintance with its varied and graphic pages. It is a book *sui generis*; Irish, with a difference; gossip; political; speculative; anecdotal; historical; personal; and, withal, eminently Barringtonian. The range of Sir Jonah's reminiscences spreads over a large tract, and includes many, very many, eminent figures. With regard to these, he furnishes often passages of personal interest, shrewdly illustrative of character, which have escaped the attention of regular biographers and historians. There are several chapters which, in this respect, are of special merit. That upon Curran, Brinsley Sheridan, the second inauguration of Napoleon, and Mrs. Jordan in France, cabinet pictures in themselves of human life, dashed with gloomy colors, to which Sir Jonah Barrington inclines whenever eminence is the subject of his pencil. The genuine Hibernian anecdotes are scattered up and down with a free hand; *bon mots*, practical jokes, and whatever can bring before us the Irish life of the close of the last century.

Nor is Sir Jonah sparing of autobiographical detail. In fact, we doubt whether our baronet allows a single circumstance of pedigree or family aggrandisement to slip through his fingers. From each of the four chapters which we have mentioned as of largest public interest we select a single passage:—

## CURRAN DRAWING CUSTOMERS.

"We were in the habit of frequenting the Cannon coffeehouse, Charing Cross (kept by the uncle of Mr. Roberts, proprietor of the royal hotel, Calais), where we had a box every day at the end of the room; and as, when Curran was free from professional cares, his universal language was that of wit, my high spirits never failed to prompt my performance of *Jackal to the Lion*. Two young gentlemen of the Irish bar were frequently of our party in 1796, and contributed to keep up the flow of wit, which, on Curran's part, was well nigh miraculous. Gradually the ear and the attention of the company were caught. Nobody knew us, and as if carelessly, the guests flocked round our box to listen. We perceived them, and increased our flights accordingly. Invincibly, they joined in the laugh, and the more so when they saw it gave no offence. Day after day the number of our satellites increased—until the room, at five o'clock, was thronged to hear 'the Irishmen.' One or two

days we went elsewhere; and on returning to 'the Cannon,' our host begged to speak a word with me at the bar. 'Sir,' said he, 'I never had such a set of pleasant gentlemen in my house, and I hope you have received no offence.' I replied, 'Quite the contrary!' 'Why, sir,' replied he, 'as you did not come the last few days, the company fell off. Now, sir, I hope you and the other gentlemen will excuse me if I remark that you will find an excellent dish of fish, and a roast turkey or joint, with any wine you please, hot on your table every day at five o'clock, while you stay in town; and, I must beg to add, *no charge*, gentlemen.'

## A HANDSOME OFFER TO SHERIDAN.

"I had an opportunity of knowing that Mr. Sheridan was offered £1,000 for that speech by a bookseller the day after it was spoken, provided he would write it out correctly from the notes taken, before the interest had subsided; and yet, although he certainly had occasion for money at the time, and assented to the proposal, he did not take the trouble of writing a line of it! The publisher was of course displeased, and insisted on his performing his promise, upon which Sheridan laughingly replied, in the vein of Falstaff, 'No, Hal! were I at the strappado, I would do nothing by compulsion!' He did it at length, but too late! and, as I heard, was (reasonably enough!) not paid."

## DEATH OF MRS. JORDAN.

"At length an interval of some posts occurred, during which she received no answers to her letters, and her consequent anxiety, my informant said, seemed too great for mortal strength to bear up against. On the morning of her death, this impatient feeling reached its crisis. The agitation was almost fearful; her eye was now restless, now fixed; her motion rapid and unmeaning; and her whole manner seemed to bespeak the attack of some convulsive paroxysm. She eagerly requested Mr. C . . ., before the usual hour for her delivery, to go for her letters to the post. On his return, she started up and held out her hand, as if impatient to receive them. He told her there were none. She stood a moment motionless, looked towards him with a vacant stare, held out her hand again as if by an involuntary action, instantly withdrew it, and sank back upon the sofa from which she had arisen. He left the room to send up her attendant, who, however, had gone out, and Mr. C . . . returned himself to Mrs. Jordan. On his return, he observed some change in her looks that alarmed him; she spoke not a word, but gazed at him steadfastly. She wept not—no tear flowed: her face was one moment flushed and another livid; she sighed deeply, and her heart seemed bursting. Mr. C . . . stood, uncertain what to do; but in a minute he heard her breath drawn more hardly, and, as it were, sobbingly. He was now thoroughly terrified: he hastily approached the sofa, and leaning over the unfortunate lady, discovered that those deep-drawn sobs had immediately preceded the moment of Mrs. Jordan's dissolution. She was already no more!"

## NAPOLEON'S SECOND INAUGURATION.

"The manner of administering and taking the oath was very different from ours. The French had, from the period of the Revolution, very justly conceived that an oath of any description would not be one atom more binding on the party if taken upon a book than if trust were reposed in their mere word of honor. On the present occasion, each person, as his name was called over, arose, and holding out his right arm to its extent (the palm of the hand uppermost), deliberately pronounced—'Je jure fidélité à l'empereur, et obéissance à la constitution.' The reader will easily

believe that it was a source of the utmost interest to watch the countenances of these dignitaries of France while they were engaged in performing this important ceremonial. My physiognomical observation was kept fully on the stretch, and was never, before or since, so sated with materials to work upon. The emperor, meanwhile, as I have already mentioned, sat almost immovable. He did not appear exhilarated; indeed, on the other hand, I think he was indisposed. His breast heaved at times very perceptibly; an involuntary convulsed motion agitated his lip; but never did I see an eye more indefatigable and penetrating! As each man's name was called, and the oath administered, its regard was fixed upon the individual; and nothing could be more curious to the spectator than to transfer his gaze alternately from the party taking the oath to the emperor himself. Some of the peers and deputies Napoleon's eye passed over with scarcely a look; while others he regarded as though disposed to penetrate their very souls, and search there for proofs of a sincerity he considered doubtful. Some seemed to excite a pleasurable, others a painful sensation, within him; though this was difficult to recognise, inasmuch as his features seldom, and never more than slightly, changed their entire expression. The countenances of the members themselves were more easily read, and afforded, in many instances, good clews whereby, if not the real feelings, at least the *tendency* of the parties, might be deciphered. Some stood boldly up, and loudly, and without hesitation, took the oath; while others, in slow, tremulous voices, pledged themselves to what they either never meant, or were not quite certain of their ability to perform; and a few displayed manifest symptoms of repugnance in their manner. But the scene was of that nature so splendid—so generally interesting—that few persons, except those whose habits had long led them to the study of mankind, or such as might have some special interest in the result, would have attended to these indications, which were, of course, not suffered in any instance to become prominent."

## POETRY.

## A POEM BY J. HAMILTON REYNOLDS.

We find the following in a collection of poetry, published at the office of the *London Critic*. It is a passage from an almost unknown poem of Reynolds, the brother-in-law of Hood—whom we lately gave some account in the *Literary World*, with several passages of his writings. The poem was entitled "The Romance of Youth."

## THE ENTHUSIAST.

THERE WAS a youngster boy of golden mind,  
Not many years ago, who with his mother

In humble house did sweet seclusion find;  
No other relative he had—no brother  
To link him with mankind—no friend to smother  
Fantasies wild and dim; no sister young  
To woo and win, far surer than another,  
His nature from its dreams, and with sweet tongue

To scatter silver sounds his listening thoughts among.

His mother was a gentle woman, one  
That could not thwart him, she did love him so;  
Her hopes did grow like ivy round her son,  
And yet his dreaming mind did work her woe;  
She deemed he would be happier would he know  
Less of the essence of things,—and less  
Of solitary mysteries that throw  
The mind upon itself. And he would press

Her hand, and say he would forsake all loneliness.

\* Personal Sketches of his Own Times by Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, &c., &c. New York: Redfield.

But, like the certain backward flow of rivers,  
His thoughts would course again to their romance;  
And as the light upon the water quivers,—  
So would his mind upon its wonders dance,  
And he would sit for hours listening the prance  
Of barbed steed,—watching the steeled knights,  
That went in olden days with targe and lance  
To succour ladies fair: such dazzling sights  
Were unto him enchantment—magic to his nights.

Oh, sunn'd romance! Spirit of Spenser's song!  
Spirit of moonlight wolds—of ladies' eyes—  
Spirit of high ethereal hearts that long  
To beat for ever!—Spirit of golden skies—  
And winter cloud, that like a giant lies  
Slumbering in heavy gloom the livelong day!—  
Spirit of love! Sole light from Paradise  
Brought by the wandering Two;—Ah, who shall say  
Our dreaming boy was wrong, who loved thy proud array?

Some say that from the cradle he was prone  
To strange delights, unlike his simple kind;  
That he did love to lie and be alone,  
To creep from out his bed when night was blind,  
And listen at the window to the wind,  
Singing in lofty elms; to feed his eyes,  
Which then were dark, and deep, and full of mind,  
With sight of the wan moon in desert skies,  
Till tears to those two orbs, like night stars, would arise.

And as he grew, when evening merrily came  
With dusk feet to the earth,—he slyly took  
His supper to the wood, and eat the same  
Beneath some towering pines, that blackly shook  
O'er him their raven heads: and he forsook  
All thoughts of home in that old forest throng.  
Till the air dropt, and the unwearied brook  
Told wooing stories as it coiled along,  
Winning him from dark thoughts of mystery and wrong.

The color of his young years did not fade  
With later ones,—but glowed upon his heart  
Even on the edge of manhood—as the braid  
Of light on morning's forehead bears its part  
In making evening lovely; he would start  
To hear the murmuring pine, as when a child:—  
Oh Nature! ever beautiful thou art!  
To those on whose young eyes thine own have smiled,  
And of their youth, through thee, they never are beguiled.

He hung entranced o'er a few wild books  
Of elder time, and made them living things;  
There was a music in his silent looks,  
As left there from his soul's attuned strings;  
He gave up all dim walks—wood wanderings,—  
And in his chamber sat as he had been  
No living boy; but there he framed him wings  
To bear him o'er dim flowers and pastoral green,  
And float him amid leaves where Joyance lay serene.

His mother grieved;—and he had surely pined  
At her depression,—but he saw it not,

From his abstraction and romance of mind;  
But he did feel as one that wears, I wot,  
With an o'erpowering presence, for his lot  
Was pain and melancholy; he did break,  
Like one far gone in old,—his hand grew hot,  
And tremulous, and he of nights did wake,  
Watching the stars their posts on skyey turrets take.

"And those then are the spirits of olden time,  
Linger about these regions blue and far;  
The very thought doth shed feelings sublime  
Over my mind like light. That placid star  
Is Venus sitting in her pearly car;  
How full of simple joy is her soft look!  
How full of love! No wild air seems to mar  
Her quiet looks—but all around are shook—  
As hers appear when seen in some unresting brook."

But illness lodged itself within his frame,  
And made a leaden thing of his wild eye;  
It hung upon him like the thirst of fame,  
But worked within him deeper injury;  
His cheek grew hollow; and his pressed lips dry,  
And o'er his limbs crept slothful lassitude;  
He looked as one that must sink down and die,  
For by the day he languid mood,  
And night was scarcely more filled up with solitude.

Certes, it was right sorrowful to see  
So very gentle and inspired a child  
Wearing away, as so it seemed to be,  
And going to his grave serene and mild:  
The warrior's heart, that is so fiery wild,  
Breaks,—and a flood of glory streams around;  
But where youth in its quiet is beguiled  
To the chill tomb, it doth the gazer wound;  
For there no beauty is—no breath—no sight  
—no sound!

At night he felt a longing to be thrown  
Into some forest dun, where trees were thick  
And water very cool; to make a throne  
Of some quaint bank, and in a pleasant trick  
Of idleness, a coronal to pick  
Of lilies of the water for his head,—  
And ever while his pulse was beating quick  
With pain, he sweet things of the summer said,  
And framed this little song upon his midnight bed:—

"O melon-scented lily!  
O water queen of flowers!  
When shall I see the silver waves  
Dancing around thee, like sweet slaves  
To Beauty in its bower;  
When shall I take an earthly part  
In honoring thy golden heart?

"O pretty rose autumnal!  
O fairy queen of trees!  
When may I trace thy gentle buds  
Adorned with their emerald studs,  
In their green palaces:  
When see thy vernal velvet fall  
Under thy ruby coronal?

"The sound of forest music,  
The water song of streams,  
Are become dim and strange to me,  
As musings of old witchery;—  
But in my fitful dreams,  
And in my waking weary hours,  
Spirits come to me, as from flowers."

**KNICKERBOCKERS AND PURITANS.**  
*(From the Rev. Mr. Oscoor's Speech, at the Plymouth Celebration, Aug. 1.)*

THINK me not obtrusive in saying a word of the friendly relations between New England

and New York in the political, literary, and religious sphere. There may be some remains of an old grudge, growing out of the fact that the Dutch West India Company and the Plymouth Company at first claimed jurisdiction over nearly the same territory; and when the former relaxed the full claim over New England to the forty-fifth degree of latitude, it was not willing to yield any territory south of Cape Cod. But that old feud is happily settled, and now both parties, not as English or as Dutch, but as Americans, have all and more than all their original claim. Throughout the great crises of subsequent history, in the main, friendly relations have existed. When the Duke of York gave his flag and name to New Amsterdam in 1664, Massachusetts was little disposed to lend her aid to his arms, and Nicholls and Hyde called upon the Old Colony in vain to swell the invading squadron. Our people liked that Stuart race quite as little as did the Dutch, and were quite as glad as they were when a Prince of Holland, William of Orange, fixed the Protestant faith and the hope of constitutional liberty upon the throne of England and her colonies. Then, in time, came the new union of the colonies, in resistance to British aggression, and toryism found quite as much fault with the obstinacy of the Dutch republicans of New York, as of the Massachusetts Puritans. There was good feeling between the two when, in 1754, the Northern States united at Albany in a general convention against French invasion, and Franklin's plea for union was so well seconded by one of the Smiths of New York. Ten years afterwards, the same feeling came out in its fulness at the first continental Congress, when in New York the eloquence of our Otis found an echo so electric in the patriotism of her Livingston. Not to the British Crown, but to the new banner of American nationality, the honest Dutch language seemed to strike its flag, and in the chief Dutch church the preaching was finally fixed in the English tongue only on the eve of that first Congress, in which Otis called upon the people to talk no more of "New Yorkers" or "New Englanders," for all are "Americans." Together, the sons of the Netherlands, New England, and Virginia, have built up the power of New York, and the blood of all the Old Thirteen States flows in the electric heart of the Empire City. Why should not the sons of Holland be proud of the result, and rejoice in eclipsing their ancient metropolis by the glory of this, her American daughter? Why not say that the founders triumph in all the successes of the colony thus founded? Why not say that the old patriots, the De Witts, the Barneveldts, the Egmonts, have come back in the Jays, the Hamiltons and Clintons of the new republican State; and that the learning of Grotius, the elegance of Erasmus, the patience of Brandt, have been more than restored by the jurists, scholars, historians, poets, and orators that add literary honors to her commercial renown?

Once in a while, indeed, a little of the old feud between Massachusetts and New York breaks out. The sons of St. Nicholas smoke their Dutch pipes together, until the air is somewhat too cloudy for clear perception; and Jonathan, with his children, eats so much parched corn about the 22d of December, that the corn mounts to his brain in the spirit of over-valorous boasting. Yet, in the

long run, the two are the best of friends, and could not get along without each other in trade or in society. It seemed to me, a few days ago, that I saw in our busy Broadway a just emblem of the actual state of feeling between the leading elements of our metropolis. St. Nicholas has, you know, built him a great palace, the finest in the world, of its kind, it is said, and there he entertains guests by the thousands, with the cheer of princes. But mark how tolerant he is. He allows the Irving House to stand on his right, and the Prescott House on the left, in a catholicity of temper quite honorable in a potentate of his years and honors. So at his right hand sits Washington Irving, whose roguery St. Nicholas is willing to forgive, in consideration of the sterling good nature which makes every place to him like his own *Sunnyside*, and forbids his hurting any man's feeling, or any Knickerbocker's good name more severely than in a sham fight of playful wit, that breaks no bones. There, too, at his left, beneath the Saint's burly shoulder, sits Prescott, who, with Bancroft and Sparks, completes the honored trio of living New England historians—in token that the old grudge is forgotten; and New York can be proud of the pride of Massachusetts. \* \* \*

It sometimes seems to me as if certain critics of our ways and manners in the East judged us as some unskilled spectator judges the barn where the farmer is plying his winnowing machine. He stands at a distance, blinded by the chaff, and sneezing at the tingling dust borne by the wind to his sensitive nostrils, whilst he is not near enough to see the golden grain that falls quietly into the garner. Be careful to appreciate what is good in New York, if not for its own sake, at least for our sake. Pilgrims from your shrines, we have found there a hospitable and cherished home, for which we owe gratitude to those who have made us strangers no more.

#### IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET, FIGS!

FRESH figs have made their appearance this week, for the first time, we think, in the city, on fruit-stalls in Wall street. They are large and fine in appearance, and are said to have been raised in Williamsburgh. If the taste for fresh figs were more general, we might have this fruit, either raised in our own gardens or from the South, at least as abundant as we have grapes of the European sort. The flavor of the fresh fig at first commonly disappoints those who have never tasted it before. They complain that it is insipid, that it is merely the flavor of mucilage, slightly sweet, and is not positive enough to be agreeable. Those, however, who have passed any time in countries where the fig is common in the market, become, with few exceptions, extremely fond of it. They find it one of the most nourishing of all fruits, and extremely wholesome.

There are some who cultivate the fig-tree in our country by planting it in tubs, which are wheeled in the winter into a cellar, to protect the tree from the frost. A cheaper method is recommended by Mr. Floy, the nursery gardener, namely, to form a long pit, with the bank highest on the north side, to plant a row of trees within it, and cover them with loose boards in the winter. Figs might, we think, if the demand justified it, be brought without inconvenience by the railways from Maryland and Virginia, where

they bear the winters perfectly well, and where they might be raised in the greatest abundance and in all their different varieties.

It is very likely that the country lying three or four degrees south of us will hereafter supply our markets with fresh figs in their season. They would have to be gathered carefully, and packed with some skill in moss, or something of the sort, to keep them from being crushed or bruised on their way. It must first appear that there is a demand for them, and this demand, we have no doubt, will yet arise.

The tomato, which is now so commonly used at our tables, is of late introduction. Thirty years ago its name was almost unknown; now, the demand for it is so great, that we import it in spring from the island of Bermuda. The immature seed vessel of the Okra plant is now very extensively used, and the demand for it is increasing. Twenty-five years ago, it was only used by the West India Frenchmen settled here, who, we believe, first introduced it, and who were then the only persons that were expected to buy it when it was brought to market.

To make a transition from fruits to flowers, we find bouquets now for sale in shops, and at the corners of streets, composed of the freshest and most fragrant flowers, arranged with skill. This is a new thing, and meets a new demand. Two or three years since you would be obliged to go to the garden of a florist in order to get anything of the sort; now, flowers are offered to you as you pass in the street. Formerly, in the month of July, the market-women who sat by their baskets of vegetables, were in the habit of offering for sale branches of the smaller magnolia, gathered in the Newark meadows, with their sea-green foliage and white blossoms of intense fragrance; but even this practice, we believe, has been discontinued, ever since the owners of the Newark meadows took to extirpating the shrubs, draining the soil, and planting it with Indian corn.—*Evening Post.*

#### THE HAYDON ANECDOTES.

OF CHANTREY, LOUGH, FLAXMAN, REINAGLE, MRS. SIDDONS, BANNISTER, SCOTT, BROUGHAM, MOORE, LORD EGREMONT, WORDSWORTH, STOTHARD, AND MADAME DE STAEL.

[From the *Literary Gazette* review of the *Autobiography* and *Journals* of the painter Haydon.]

**January 20th.**—I called on Chantrey at Brighton. I had not seen him for eight years, and was astonished and interested. He took snuff in abundance. His nose at the tip was bottled, large, and brown, his cheeks full, his person corpulent, his air indolent, his tone a little pompous. Such were the effects of eight years' success. He sat and talked, easily, lazily, gazing at the sun with his legs crossed.

He came to the door, and we chatted a long time in the air. I soon saw that the essence of the *Quarterly Review*, which alludes to him, came from himself. I asked him how he got on with Lord Egremont's "Satan." He said he deferred it. "Stop," said Chantrey, with a very profound look, "till I am perfectly independent, and then you shall see what I will do in poetical subjects."

To see a man of Chantrey's genius so impose on himself was affecting. Here he was, for that day, at least, quite independent; gazing at the sun, sure of his dinner, his fire, his wine, his bed. Why was he not at

that moment inventing? Good God! if I had waited until I had been perfectly independent, what should I have done?

Invention presses on a man like a nightmare. I composed the Crucifixion in part, while going in a hackney coach to sign a warrant of attorney. I began Solomon without a candle for the evening. I finished it without food, at least meat, for the last fortnight. And here is Chantrey putting off poetical inventions till he is perfectly independent!

I smiled to myself to see a man of such genius under such a delusion. \* \*

**May 23d.**—Young Lough spent the evening with me, and a very unaffected, docile, simple, high-feeling young man he is. His account of himself was peculiarly touching: from his earliest boyhood he was always making figures in clay with his brother. In his father's window lay an old Pope's Homer. His brother and he were so delighted that they used to make thousands of models, he taking the Greeks and his brother the Trojans. An odd volume of Gibbon gave an account of the Colosseum. He and his brother, after reading it, the moment the family were in bed, built up a Colosseum of clay in the kitchen, and by daylight had made hundreds of fighting gladiators. A gentleman I know was returning from fox-hunting, and saw in a garden, attached to Lough's father's cottage, hundreds of models of legs and arms lying about. He alighted and walked in, and found the ceiling of the kitchen all drawn over, and models lying about in every direction. Lough was sent for, invited to this friend's house, who showed him Canova's works and Michael Angelo's. To use his own language to me, Canova did not prick him, but Michael Angelo affected him deeply. He used to follow the plough and shear the corn. \* \* \*

I said, "Mr. Flaxman, I wish to renew my acquaintance after twenty years' interval." "Mr. Haydon," said the intelligent deformity, "I am happy to see you—walk in." "Mr. Flaxman, sir, you look well." "Sir, I am well, thanks to the Lord! I am seventy-two, and ready to go when the Lord pleases."

As he said this, there was a look of real unaffected piety, which I hope and believe was sincere.

"Ah, Mr. Haydon, Lord Egremont is a noble creature." "He is, Mr. Flaxman; he has behaved very nobly to me." "Ah, Mr. Haydon, has he—how?" "Why, Mr. Flaxman, he has given me a handsome commission." "Has he, Mr. Haydon? I am most happy to hear it—most happy—very happy;" and then with an elevation of brow, and looking askance, he said, "How is your friend, Mr. Wilkie?" "Why, Mr. Flaxman, he is ill—so ill, I fear he will never again have his intellects in full vigor." "Really, Mr. Haydon, why it is miserable. I suppose it is his miniature-painting has strained him, for, between you and me, Mr. Haydon, 'tis but miniature painting, you know: hem-m-e-e-m." "Certainly, Mr. Flaxman, 'tis but miniature-painting." "Ah, Mr. Haydon, the world is easily caught." Here he touched my knee familiarly, and leaned forward, and his old, deformed, humped shoulder protruded as he leant, and his sparkling old eye and his apish old mouth grinned on one side, and he rattled out of his throat, husky with coughing, a jarry, inward, hemming, hesitating

sound, which meant that Wilkie's reputation was all in my eye, compared with ours !

"Poor Fuseli is gone, sir." "Yes, sir." "Ah, Mr. Haydon, he was a man of genius, but, I fear, of no principle." "Yes, sir." "He has left, I understand, behind him, some drawings shockingly indecent." "Has he, sir?" "Yes, Mr. Haydon. Poor wretch," said Flaxman, looking ineffably modest. "Mr. Flaxman, good morning." "Good morning, Mr. Haydon."

*September 5th.*—Saw elder Reinagle, a nice old fellow. He remembered Sir Joshua using so much asphaltum that it dropped on the floor. Reinagle said he thought me infamously used, and wondered I had not gone mad or died. "Where is your Solomon, Mr. Haydon?" "Hung up in a grocer's shop." "Where your Jerusalem?" "In a ware-room in Holborn." "Where your Lazarus?" "In an upholsterer's shop, in Mount street." "And your Macbeth?" "In Chancery." "Your Pharaoh?" "In an attic, pledged." "My God! And your Crucifixion?" "In a hay-loft." "And Silenus?" "Sold for half price." Such was the conversation, at which the little man

"Shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

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*March 10th.*—Haydon spent an evening with Mrs. Siddons, to hear her read Macbeth. "She acts Macbeth herself," he writes, "better than either Kemble or Kean. It is extraordinary the awe this wonderful woman inspires. After her first reading, the men retired to tea. While we were all eating toast, and tinkling cups and saucers, she began again. It was like the effect of a mass-bell at Madrid. All noise ceased, we slunk to our seats like boors, two or three of the most distinguished men of the day, with the very toast in their mouths, afraid to bite. It was curious to see Lawrence in this predicament, to hear him bite by degrees, and then stop for fear of making too much crackle, his eyes full of water from the constraint; and at the same time to hear Mrs. Siddons's 'eye of newt and toe of frog!'"

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*September 30th.*—Met Bannister by accident in Chenies street, Bedford square. His face was as fresh, his eye as keen, and his voice as musical as ever. I had not seen him for years. He held out his hand just as he used to do on the stage, with the same frank, native truth. As he spoke, the tones of his favorite Walter pierced my heart. It was extraordinary the effect. "Bannister," said I, "your voice recalls my early days." "Ah," said he, "I had some touches, had I not?" He told me a story of Lord Egremont. B. bought at Sir Joshua's sale the Virgin and Child. He sent it to a sale at a room for 250 guineas. Lord E. told the seller he would give 200. It was agreed to. Lord Egremont afterwards said to Bailey, "I have bought Reynolds's Virgin and Child." "Ah," said Bailey, "it was Bannister's picture. You gave 250." He said nothing, but the same day wrote to Bannister he was ashamed to have offered less, and sent him a cheque for the 50 owing.

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*March 7th.*—Sir Walter Scott, Lamb, Wilkie, and Proctor have been with me all the morning, and a most delightful morning have we had. Scott operated on us like champagne and whiskey mixed. In the course of conversation he alluded to "Waverley;" there was a dead silence. Wilkie,

who was talking to him, stopped, and looked so agitated, you would have thought that he was the author. I was bursting to have a good round at him, but as this was his first visit I did not venture. It is singular how success and the want of it operate on two extraordinary men, Walter Scott and Wordsworth. Scott enters a room and sits at table with the coolness and self-possession of conscious fame; Wordsworth, with a mortified elevation of head, as if fearful he was not estimated as he deserved.

Scott is always cool and very amusing. Wordsworth often egotistical and overwhelming. Scott can afford to talk of trifles, because he knows the world will think him a great man who condescends to trifles; Wordsworth must always be eloquent and profound, because he knows he is considered childish and puerile. Scott seems to wish to appear less than he really is, while Wordsworth struggles to be thought, at the moment, greater than he is suspected to be.

*March 2nd.*—I got up melancholy in the extreme, and saillied forth to call on Brougham, in order to come to some conclusion. I saw him in the passage. His carriage was at the door—a gentleman was eagerly talking—Brougham had his foot on the stairs, and could not get up for the importunity of this man. Brougham's hand was full of papers, and his whole appearance was restless, harassed, eager, spare, keen, sarcastic, and nervous. The servant did not hear me ring, and the coachman called from his box in a state of irritable fidget—"Why, George, don't you see a gentleman here? He has been here these five minutes." Up came George, half-dressed, and showed me right in. The moment Brougham saw me, he seemed to look "Here's Haydon—at such a moment—to bore me." Brougham never shakes hands, but he held out his two fingers. "Mr. Haydon, how d'ye do? I have no appointment with you. Call on Wednesday, at half-past five. I can't spare you two minutes now." I never saw such a set out. The horses were not groomed. The coachman not clean. The blinds of the coach were not down, and gave me the idea as if inside the air was hot, damp, foul, and dusty. There the horses were waiting, half dozy—the harness not cleaned or polished—their coats rough as Exmoor ponies; and inside and outside the house, the whole appearance told hurry-scurry, harass, fag, late hours, long speeches, and vast occupation.

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*March 23rd.*—Met Moore at dinner, and spent a very pleasant three hours. He told his stories with a hit-or-miss air, as if accustomed to people of rapid apprehension. It being asked at Paris who they would have as a god-father for Rothschild's child, "Talleyrand," said a Frenchman. "Pourquoi, Monsieur?" "Parequ'il est le moins Chrétien possible."

Moore is a delightful, gay, voluptuous, refined, natural creature, infinitely more unaffected than Wordsworth; not blunt and uncultivated like Chantrey, or bilious and shivering like Campbell. No affectation, but a true, refined, delicate, frank poet, with sufficient air of the world to prove his fashion, sufficient honesty of manner to show fashion has not corrupted his native taste; making allowance for prejudices instead of condemning them, by which he seemed to have none himself: never talking of his own works, from intense consciousness that everybody

else did; while Wordsworth is always talking of his own productions, from apprehension that they are not enough matter of conversation. Men must not be judged too hardly; success or failure will either destroy or better the finest natural parts. Unless one had heard Moore tell the above story of Talleyrand, it would have been impossible to conceive the air of half-suppressed impudence, the delicate, light-horse canter of phrase with which the words floated out of his sparkling Anacreontic mouth.

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Carew was at breakfast with Lord Egremont. "What bedevilment has Haydon got into now?" "None, my lord. He has lost commissions he relied on, and, of course, having a wife and five children, he is anxious they should not starve." "Well, well, I'll call on you to-morrow, at three, and then go over to him at half past." Lord Egremont called accordingly at Carew's: we saw him get out of his carriage, and go into the house. Dear Mary and I were walking on the leads, and agreed it would not be quite right to look too happy, being without a sixpence: so we came in, I to the parlor to peep through the blinds, and she to the nursery. In about ten minutes I saw a bustle with the servants. Lord Egremont came out of Carew's, buttoned his coat, and crossed over. He came in and walked up. "I hope, my lord, I have not lost your esteem by making my situation known to you?" "Not at all," said he, "I shall be happy to assist you." He looked at Alexander, and said, "I should like this. You must go on with it, and I shall call up occasionally." He came down, and went away smiling, as if pleased with his own resolution. Carew said before he came over he talked of me the whole time. "What mess is this?" Carew repeated the facts. "Is he extravagant?" "Not in the least, my lord; he is domestic, economical, and indefatigable." "Why did he take that house after his misfortunes?" "Because the light was good, and he is at less rent than in furnished lodgings." "Well, I must go over and do something. But why did he write?" "My lord, he was a very young man, and I believe he sincerely repents." "He has made himself enemies everywhere by his writing," said he. He told Carew he thought Alexander the very thing, the cleverest picture I had conceived. It is decidedly so, I know.

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As I lay in my magnificent bed, and saw the old portraits trembling in a sort of twilight, I almost fancied I heard them breathe, and almost expected they would move out and shake my curtains. What a destiny is mine! One year in the Bench, the companions of gamblers and scoundrels,—sleeping in wretchedness and dirt, on a flock bed, low and filthy, with black worms crawling over my hands,—another, reposing in down and velvet, in a splendid apartment, in a splendid house, the guest of rank, and fashion, and beauty! As I laid my head on my down pillow the first night, I was deeply affected, and could hardly sleep. God in heaven grant my future may now be steady. At any rate, a nobleman has taken me by the hand, whose friendship generally increases in proportion to the necessity of its continuance. Such is Lord Egremont. Literally like the sun. The very flies at Petworth seem to know there is room for their existence; that the windows are theirs. Dogs, horses, cows, deer, and pigs, peasantry, and

servants, guests and family, children and parents, all share alike his bounty, and opulence, and luxuries. At breakfast, after the guests have all breakfasted, in walks Lord Egremont; first comes a grandchild, whom he sends away happy. Outside the window moan a dozen black spaniels, who are let in, and to them he distributes cakes and comfits, giving all equal shares. After chatting with one guest, and proposing some scheme of pleasure to others, his leather gaiters are buttoned on, and away he walks, leaving all to take care of themselves, with all that opulence and generosity can place at their disposal entirely within their reach. At dinner he meets everybody, and then are recounted the feats of the day. All principal dishes he helps, never minding the trouble of carving; he eats heartily and helps liberally. There is plenty, but not absurd profusion; good wines, but not extravagant waste. Everything solid, liberal, rich, and English. At seventy-four he still shoots daily, comes home wet through, and is as active and looks as well as many men of fifty.

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22nd.—Wordsworth called to-day, and we went to church together. There was no seat to be got at the chapel near us, belonging to the rectory of Paddington, and we sat among publicans and sinners. I determined to try him, so advised our staying, as we could hear more easily. He agreed like a Christian; and I was much interested in seeing his venerable white head close to a servant in livery, and on the same level. The servant in livery fell asleep, and so did Wordsworth. I jogged him at the Gospel, and he opened his eyes and read well. A preacher preached when we expected another, so it was a disappointment. We afterwards walked to Rogers's across the park. He had a party to lunch, so I went into the pictures, and sucked Rembrandt, Reynolds, Veronese, Raffaele, Bassan, and Tintoretto. Wordsworth said, "Haydon is down stairs." "Ah," said Rogers, "he is better employed than chattering nonsense up stairs." As Wordsworth and I crossed the park, we said, "Scott, Wilkie, Keats, Hazlitt, Beaumont, Jackson, Charles Lamb, are all gone—we only are left." He said, "How old are you?" "Fifty-six," I replied. "How old are you?" "Seventy-three," he said; "in my seventy-third year, I was born in 1770." "And I in 1786." "You have many years before you."

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May 29th.—Went to church with dear Wordsworth, who is dearer than ever and more venerable, to hear a sermon by Mr. Boone. He was much pleased. He had breakfasted with us. We afterwards called on L—. L— is lively, handsome, malicious, and melancholy. He took us to the Zoological Gardens. During the walk we talked of some great defects in Cunningham's "Lives of the Painters." Wordsworth said, "I could have told him of Gainsborough." He then sat down and looked up like an apostle, and said, "Gainsborough was at the house of a friend in Bath who was ill and very fond of his daughter; she was going to school. Gainsborough said to the child, 'Can you keep a secret?' 'I don't know,' said the little dear, 'but I will try.' Said he, 'You are going to school. Your father loves you; I will paint your portrait.'" The child sat. When she was gone, the portrait was placed at the bottom of the bed of the sick father, who was affected and delighted.

Wordsworth told this in so beautiful and poetical a way that L— for a moment forgot his sarcasm and his melancholy, his evil and his mischief, and in casting my eye I saw him leaning and looking at Wordsworth, and smiling at the purity of his nature with something like the look of the devil at Adam and Eve. C—N—'s eyes, L—'s melancholy, Byron's voluptuousness, Napoleon's mouth, Haydon's forehead, and Hazlitt's brows, will make a very fine devil. \* \*

Chantrey got a fortune by those two children in Litchfield Cathedral. One day calling on him I was shown into his workroom, and on a table I saw a design of these very children by Stothard. I could swear to it.

A friend of mine was at a lock-up house to be bail for another; while he was sitting there in walked Stothard, arrested for a coal-bill of £34. He was going to the Academy as visitor when it happened. My friend went up to him and said, "I know you, what can I do?" He got him out time enough to attend to his duties.

Thus, here is Chantrey drinking champagne for lunch, with employment for life, and a fortune for his heirs, in consequence of old Stothard's genius, while the possessor of the powers by which Chantrey rises is arrested by his coal-merchant, and escapes into the Academy as librarian, to eke out a living.

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Leslie said, Coleridge and Madame de Staél met—each furious talkers; Coleridge would talk. The next day she was asked how she liked Coleridge. "For a monologue," said she, "excellent; but as to a dialogue—good heavens!"

## STORY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

[From CHARLES DICKENS' "Child's History of England," publishing in Household Words.]

Now, the people still laboring under their old dread of the Catholic religion, this Parliament revived and strengthened the severe laws against it. And this so angered Robert Catesby, a restless Catholic gentleman of an old family, that he formed one of the most desperate and terrible designs ever conceived in the mind of man; no less a scheme than the Gunpowder Plot.

His object was, when the king, lords, and commons, should be assembled at the next opening of Parliament, to blow them up, one and all, with a great mine of gunpowder. The first person to whom he confided this horrible idea was Thomas Winter, a Worcestershire gentleman who had served in the army abroad, and had been secretly employed in Catholic projects. While Winter was yet undecided, and when he had gone over to the Netherlands, to learn from the Spanish Ambassador there, whether there was any hope of Catholics being relieved through the intercession of the King of Spain with his Sowship, he found at Ostend a tall, dark, daring man, whom he had known when they were both soldiers abroad, and whose name was GUIDO—or GUY—FAWKES. Resolved to join the plot, he proposed it to this man, knowing him to be the man for any desperate deed, and they came back to England together. Here, they admitted two other conspirators: Thomas Percy, related to the Earl of Northumberland, and John Wright, his brother-in-law. All these met together in a solitary house in the open fields, which were then near Clement's Inn, now a closely blocked-up part of London; and when they

had all taken a great oath of secrecy, Catesby told the rest what his plan was. They then went up stairs into a garret and received the Sacrament from Father Gerard, a Jesuit, who is said not to have known actually of the Gunpowder Plot, but who, I think, must have had his suspicions that there was something desperate afoot.

Percy was a Gentleman Pensioner, and as he had occasional duties to perform about the Court, then kept at Whitehall, there would be nothing suspicious in his living at Westminster. So, having looked well about him, and having found a house to let, the back of which joined the Parliament House, he hired it of a person named Ferris, for the purpose of undermining the wall. Having got possession of the house, the conspirators hired another on the Lambeth side of the Thames, which they used as a storehouse for wood, gunpowder, and other combustible matters. These were to be removed at night (and afterwards were removed), bit by bit, to the house at Westminster; and, that there might be some trusty person to keep watch over the Lambeth stores, they admitted another conspirator, by name Robert Kay, a very poor Catholic gentleman.

All these arrangements had been made some months, and it was a dark wintry December night, when the conspirators, who had been in the meantime dispersed to avoid observation, met in the house at Westminster, and began to dig. They had laid in a good stock of eatables, to avoid going in and out, and they dug and dug with great ardour. But, the wall being tremendously thick, and the work very severe, they took in Christopher Wright, a younger brother of John Wright, that they might have a new pair of hands to help. And Christopher Wright fell to like a fresh man, and they dug and dug by night and by day, and Fawkes stood sentinel all the time. And if any man's heart seemed to fail him at all, Fawkes said, "Gentlemen, we have abundance of powder and shot here, and there is no fear of our being taken alive, even if discovered." The same Fawkes, who, in his capacity of sentinel, was always prowling about, soon picked up the intelligence that the King had prorogued the Parliament again, from the seventh of February, the day first fixed upon, until the third of October. When the conspirators knew this, they agreed to separate until after the Christmas holidays, and to take no notice of each other in the meanwhile, and never to write letters to one another, on any account. So, the house in Westminster was shut up again, and I suppose the neighbours thought that those strange-looking men who lived there so gloomily, and were out so seldom, were gone away to have a merry Christmas somewhere.

It was the beginning of February, sixteen hundred and five, when Catesby met his fellow conspirators again at this Westminster house. He had now admitted three more: John Grant, a Warwickshire gentleman of a melancholy temper, who lived in a doleful house near Stratford-upon-Avon, with a frowning wall all round it, and a deep moat; Robert Winter, eldest brother of Thomas; and Catesby's own servant, Thomas Bates, who, Catesby thought, had had some suspicion of what his master was about. These three had all suffered more or less, for their religion, in Elizabeth's time. And now they all began to dig again, and they dug and dug by night and by day.

They found it dismal work alone there, underground, with such a fearful secret on their minds, and so many murders before them. They were filled with wild fancies. Sometimes, they thought they heard a great bell tolling, deep down in the earth under the Parliament House; sometimes they thought they heard low voices muttering about the Gunpowder Plot; and once in the morning, they really did hear a great rumbling noise over their heads, as they dug and sweated in their mine. Every man stopped and looked aghast at his neighbour, wondering what had happened, when that bold prowler, Fawkes, who had been out to look, came in and told them that it was only a dealer in coals who had occupied a cellar under the Parliament House, removing his stock in trade to some other place. Upon this, the conspirators, who with all their digging and digging had not yet dug through the tremendously thick wall, changed their plan, hired that cellar, which was directly under the House of Lords, put six-and-thirty barrels of gunpowder in it, and covered them over with faggots and coals. Then they all dispersed again until September, when the following new conspirators were admitted: Sir Edward Baynham, of Gloucestershire; Sir Edward Digby, of Rutlandshire; Ambrose Rookwood, of Suffolk; and Francis Tresham, of Northamptonshire. Most of these were rich, and were to assist the plot, some with money and some with horses, on which the conspirators were to ride through the country and rouse the Catholics, after the Parliament should be blown into the air.

Parliament being again prorogued from the third of October to the fifth of November, and the conspirators being uneasy lest their design should have been found out, Thomas Winter said he would go up into the House of Lords on the day of the prorogation and see how matters looked. Nothing could be better. The unconscious Commissioners were walking about, and talking to one another, just over the six-and-thirty barrels of gunpowder. He came back, and told the rest so, and they went on with their preparations. They hired a ship, and kept it ready in the Thames, in which Fawkes was to sail for Flanders after firing with a slow match the train that was to explode the powder. A number of Catholic gentlemen not in the secret were invited, on pretence of a hunting-party, to meet Sir Edward Digby at Dunchurch on the fatal day, that they might be ready to act together. And now all was ready.

But, now, the great weakness and danger which had been all along at the bottom of this wicked plot began to show itself. As the fifth of November drew near, most of the conspirators remembering that they had friends and relations who would be in the House of Lords that day, felt some natural relenting, and a wish to warn them to keep away. They were not much comforted by Catesby's declaring that in such a cause he would blow up his own son. Lord Mounteagle, Tresham's brother-in-law, was certain to be in the house, and when Tresham found that he could not prevail upon the rest to devise any means of sparing their friends, he wrote a mysterious letter to this lord and left it at his lodging in the dusk, urging him to keep away from the opening of Parliament, "since God and man had concurred to punish the wickedness of the times." It contained

the words "that the Parliament should receive a terrible blow, and yet should not see who hurt them," and it added, "the danger is past, as soon as you have burnt the letter."

The ministers and courtiers made out that his Sowship, by a direct miracle from Heaven, found out what this letter meant. The truth is, that they were not long (as few men would be) in finding it out for themselves, and that it was decided to let the conspirators alone, until the very day before the opening of Parliament. That the conspirators had their fears, is certain; for, Tresham himself said before them all, that they were every one dead men; and, although even he did not take to flight, there is reason to suppose that he had warned other persons besides Lord Mounteagle. However, they were all firm, and Fawkes, who was a man of iron, went down every day and night to keep watch in the cellar as usual. He was there about two in the afternoon of the fourth, when the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Mounteagle threw open the door and looked in. "Who are you, friend?" said they. "Why," said Fawkes, "I am Mr. Percy's servant, and am looking after his store of fuel here." "Your master has laid in a pretty good store," they returned, and shut the door, and went away. Fawkes, upon this, posted off to the other conspirators to tell them all was quiet, and went back and shut himself up in the dark black cellar again, where he heard the bell go twelve o'clock, and usher in the fifth of November. About two hours afterwards, he slowly opened the door, and came out to look about him, in his old prowling way. He was instantly seized and bound, by a party of soldiers under Sir Thomas Knevett. He had a watch upon him, some touchwood, some tinder, some slow matches; and there was a dark-lantern with a candle in it, lighted, behind the door. He had his boots and spurs on—to ride to the ship, I suppose—and it was well for the soldiers that they took him so suddenly; for if they had left him but a moment's time to light a match, he certainly would have tossed it in among the powder, and blown himself and them to perdition.

They took him to the king's bed-chamber first of all; and there the king (causing him to be held very tight, and keeping a good way off) asked him how he could have had the heart to intend to destroy so many innocent people? "Because," said Guy Fawkes, "desperate diseases need desperate remedies." To a little Scotch favorite, with a face like a terrier, who asked him (with no particular wisdom) why he had collected so much gunpowder, he replied, because he had meant to blow Scotchmen back to Scotland, and it would take a good deal of powder to do that. Next day he was carried to the Tower, but would make no confession. Even after being horribly tortured, he confessed nothing that the Government did not already know, though he must have been in a fearful state—as his signature, still preserved, in contrast with his natural hand-writing before he was put upon the dreadful rack, most frightfully shows. Bates, a very different man, soon saw the Jesuits had had to do with the plot, and probably, under the torture, would have soon said anything. Tresham, taken and put in the Tower too, made confessions and unmade them, and died of an illness that was heavy upon him. Rookwood, who had stationed relays of his own horses all the way to Dunchurch, did not mount to escape until the middle of the day, when the news of the

plot was all over London. On the road, he came up with the two Wrights, Catesby, and Percy: and they all galloped together into Northamptonshire; thence to Dunchurch, where they found the proposed party assembled. Finding, however, that there had been a plot, and that it had been discovered, the party disappeared in the course of the night, and left them alone with Sir Everard Digby. Away they all rode again, through Warwickshire and Worcestershire, to a house called Holbeach, on the borders of Staffordshire. They tried to raise the Catholics on their way, but were indignantly driven off by them. All this time they were hotly pursued by the sheriff of Worcester, and a fast increasing concourse of riders. At last, resolving to defend themselves at Holbeach, they shut themselves up in the house, and put some wet powder before the fire to dry. But it blew up, and Catesby was singed and blackened, and almost killed, and some of the others were sadly hurt. Still, knowing that they must die, they resolved to die there, and with only their swords in their hands appeared at the windows to be shot at by the sheriff and his assistants. Catesby said to Thomas Winter, after Thomas had been hit in the right arm which dropped powerless by his side, "Stand by me, Tom, and we will die together!"—which they did, being shot through the body by two bullets from one gun. John Wright, and Christopher Wright, and Percy, were also shot. Rookwood and Digby were taken: the former with a broken arm and a wound in his body too.

It was the fifteenth of January before the trial of Guy Fawkes, and such of the other conspirators as were left alive, came on. They were all found guilty, all hanged, drawn, and quartered: some in St. Paul's Churchyard, on the top of Ludgate Hill; and some before the Parliament House. A Jesuit priest named Henry Garnet, to whom the bloody design was said to have been communicated, was taken and tried, and two of his servants, as well as a poor priest who was taken with him, were tortured without mercy. He himself was not tortured, but was surrounded in the Tower by tamperers and traitors, and so made unfairly to convict himself out of his own mouth. He said upon his trial, that he had done all he could to prevent the deed, and that he could not make public what had been told him in confession—though I am afraid he knew of the plot in other ways. He was found guilty and executed, after a manful defence, and the Catholic Church made a saint of him; some rich and powerful persons, who had had nothing to do with the project, were fined and imprisoned for it by the Star Chamber. The Catholics, in general, who had recoiled with horror from the idea of the infernal contrivance, were unjustly put under more severe laws than before; and this was the end of the Gunpowder Plot.

#### ST. MARK'S PLACE, VENICE.

[From the second volume of the "Stories of Venice," the Sea Stories by JOHN RUSKIN. Just issued in London.]

AND now I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St. Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low gray gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the

inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream color and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side, where the canons' children are walking with their nursermaids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars, where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps, indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered and gray, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and colored on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers so far above, that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the old square with that strange clangor of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea.

Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock; and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet for centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river. And then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and land at the extremity of the Calle Lunga San Moisé, which may be considered as there answering to the secluded street that led us to our English cathedral gateway.

We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen,—a shriek in their beginning, and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which

we have to make our way. Overhead, an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies and chimney flues pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors: intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door; the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscotted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious shopkeeper sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print; the more religious one has his print colored and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here at the fruiterer's, where the dark green water-melons are heaped upon the counter like cannon balls, the Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves; but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studed patterns on the copper pans, hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "Vendita Frittole e Liquori," where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a tallow candle on a back shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But a few steps farther on, at the regular wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "Vino nostrano a Soldi 28-32," the Madonna is in great glory, enthroned above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year old vintage, and flanked by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps; and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier.

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and, glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisé, whence to the entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisé, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "Bocca di Piazza," and then we forget them all; for between those pillars there

opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones; and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away; a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber, and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels sceptered and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss,"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion with

the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

And what effect has this splendor on those who pass beneath it! You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats—not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the venders of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge and read empty journals; in its centre the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes,—the march drowning the miserere, and the sullen crowd thickening around them,—a crowd which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards; and unregarded children—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and his angels look down upon it continually.

#### MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

—The little Theatre of the Delapueens Comiques, Paris, has produced a comic review of the half year, written under peculiar circumstances. The theatre had failed; the manager had retired; the actors were doing the best they could on the social principle of everybody being equal, and all being captains at the same time. This was poor business, and they hardly paid their expenses. The Society of Dramatic Authors came to their relief. Twenty-five of them clubbed together, and each of them furnished a scene. The whole was melted down into a homogeneous mass by two authors, who had held themselves in reserve. The success was complete, and the solutions of continuity not too startling. It took five minutes to announce the names of the writers at the conclusion of the play.

—As a specimen of dog-day journalism, take this (thermometer 98 of Fahrenheit), from the New York Daily *National Democrat*:—

"A few days ago, the Buffalo *Republic* contained the following characteristic paragraph:

"The Albany *Argus* is one of those traitor journals; the Rochester *Advertiser* is another, and this poor whining cur, yelept "Buffalo *Courier*," whose proprietor followed hog-trough processions in "Tippecanoe" times, singing "the little pig's tail," as he trudged along, and whose puny soul has just calibre enough to go dead-head in a penny wherry across Buffalo creek, is the last one that we shall mention; and it is the last time that a thing so utterly contemptible should ever be mentioned by any one."

The Buffalo *Courier* thus replies:

"The statement that the proprietor of this paper 'followed hog-trough processions in Tippecanoe times, singing the little pig's tail,' is

simply a broad, unmitigated falsehood. That's all we have to say to that. Even if he had done so, it was honorable employment compared to skulking about on the 'Buffalo Platform,' as the editors and proprietors of the *Republic* did in '48, clasping to their bosoms as political saints—real Simon-Pure Democrats—their 'belubbed bruddern' Charles Francis Adams, Fred Douglass, and Seth M. Gates. While the functionaries of the *Republic* were chanting the praises of that immortal band of political ragamuffins, and echoing 'eyah! eyah! eyah!' to 'Brudder Ward,' to the 'Detroit barber,' and to other equally shining lights of freesoilism, the *Courier* was engaged in battling for the cause of the Democracy, and using its efforts to avert the consequences of their treachery and that of their associates.

It will be remembered that we recently nailed an atrocious, out-and-out lie on the forehead of the editor of the *Republic*, and ever since he has been as mum as a midnight thief on the subject. Why don't such a wretched liar go and drown himself in the lake!"

—The Rev. Dr. Griswold has acknowledged, in a suitable and appropriate manner, the obligations which his family are under to Mr. Linus Benedict, the stage proprietor of Norwalk, who was instrumental in saving the life of Miss Griswold, at the time of the dreadful catastrophe of May 7th, at Norwalk. Miss Griswold, it will be recollect, was taken from the water, and was supposed to be drowned. The physicians present pronounced her dead, but Mr. Benedict was not satisfied that such was the case, and continued his efforts to resuscitate her, until his labors were successful. Dr. Griswold has presented to him a richly chased, heavy gold watch, with a massive chain and key, bearing the following inscription:—

Presented to  
LINUS BENEDICT,  
by Rufus W. Griswold, for saving the life of his  
daughter,  
EMILY GRISWOLD,  
at Norwalk, May 7, 1853.

—The sale of the first portion of the library of the Rev. Dr. Hawtrey, provost of Eton, which concluded last week, under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, recalls the days of the Roxburgh fever. Among the many rarities dispersed on this occasion, to all parts of the globe, were: "Histoire et Mémoires de l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions" (who does not remember Gibbon's eulogy of this interesting work!), 51 volumes, Madame Adélaïde's copy in étoile morocco, £24. An unpublished tragedy of V. Alfieri, entitled, "Cleopatra ad Antonic," differing totally from the two published under the same title, £9. "Biblia Latina," a magnificent manuscript on vellum, in elaborately ornamental binding, executed for the Dominican nuns of Wück prope Duersteden, A.D. 1419, £66 8s. A Latin Evangelista rium of the eighth century, £57. A magnificent manuscript of the Bible in French, written in the fifteenth century, and ornamented with thirty-three miniature paintings, in a fine style of Gallie art, £86; bought by the Paris bookseller, Pothier. Bible in the Bohemian language, Leta Panie, 1537, £13 13s. The first Dutch Bible, Delf, 1477, £8. The first English Bible, by Miles Coverdale, Zurich, 1535, £111. Charles the Second's copy of the standard version of our Bible, printed at Cambridge in 1660, £7 10s. The Finnish Bible, printed at Stockholm in 1642, £10 15s. The New Testament in French, by the Doctors of Louvain, revised by F. Veron, Paris, 1647. This volume is of extraordinary rarity, having been rigidly suppressed on account of its singular perversions of the sacred text, e.g. Acts

xiii. 2—"Eux donc disans le Messe au Seigneur et jeunana." It produced £21 10s. Stevena. The first German Bible printed at Strasburg, circa 1475, £23 10s. Martin Luther's German Bible of 1545, with two highly interesting autograph letters of the eminent Reformers, Luther and Melanthon, £33 10s. H. Bohn.

—A word or two on the doctrine of Epicurus (for summer reading), from "Lives of the Philosophers," in Bohn's Classical Library:—

"We think contentment a great good, not in order that we may never have but a little, but in order that, if we have not much, we may make use of a little—being genuinely persuaded that those men enjoy luxury most completely who are the best able to do without it; and that everything which is natural is easily provided, and what is useless is not easily procured; and simple flavors give as much pleasure as costly fare, when everything that can give pain and every feeling of want is removed; and corn and water give the most extreme pleasure when any one in need eats them. To accustom one's self, therefore, to simple and inexpensive habits, is a great ingredient in the perfecting of health, and makes a man free from hesitation with respect to the necessary uses of life. And when we, on certain occasions, fall in with more sumptuous fare, it makes us in a better disposition towards it, and renders us fearless with respect to fortune. When, therefore, we say that pleasure is a chief good, we are not speaking of the pleasures of the debauched man, or those which lie in sensual enjoyment, as some think who are ignorant and who do not entertain our opinions, or else interpret them perversely; but we mean the freedom of the body from pain and of the soul from confusion. For it is not continued drinking and revels, or the enjoyment of female society, or feasts of fish and other such things as a costly table supplies, that makes life pleasant, but sober contemplation, which examines into the reasons for all choice and avoidance, and which puts to flight the vain opinions from which the greater part of the confusion arises which troubles the soul. 'Now, the beginning and the greatest good for all these things, is prudence, on which account prudence is something more valuable than even philosophy, inasmuch as all the other virtues spring from it, teaching us that it is not possible to live pleasantly unless one also lives prudently, and honorably, and justly; without living pleasantly, for the virtues are connate with living agreeably; and living agreeably is inseparable from the virtues: since who can you think better than that man who has holy opinions respecting the gods, and who is utterly fearless with respect to death, and who has properly contemplated the end of nature, and who comprehends that the chief good is easily perfected and easily provided, and the greatest evil lasts but a short period, and causes but brief pain.'"

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